

Good Morning 341

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Fewer Go "Phut" Now

Says

Ronald Garth

CAREY STREET—the home of the Bankruptcy Court—might as well close down for the duration. In a recent week the whole of Britain produced only five bankruptcies—possibly the lowest ever.

Usually the year's roll exceeds 4,000 cases, and the debts involved total £5,000,000.

Fewer bankrupts, too, are applying for premature discharge. More debtors are fighting their battles bravely, determined to repay every penny, and last year set a new record of payments in full.

Farmers used to go bankrupt more frequently than members of any other calling. Grocers were next on the list. Now they scarcely appear among the failures.

On the other hand, judging from bankruptcies, tobacconists, hairdressers and commercial travellers can't be doing so well.

Whenever I am feeling downhearted and have time to spare, I always visit the Bankruptcy Court—as a spectator. As debtors face the cross-examination of the Registrar, you can finger the very fabric of human existence at "Can't Pay House."

"In the matter of Mr. Blank —" cries the clerk.

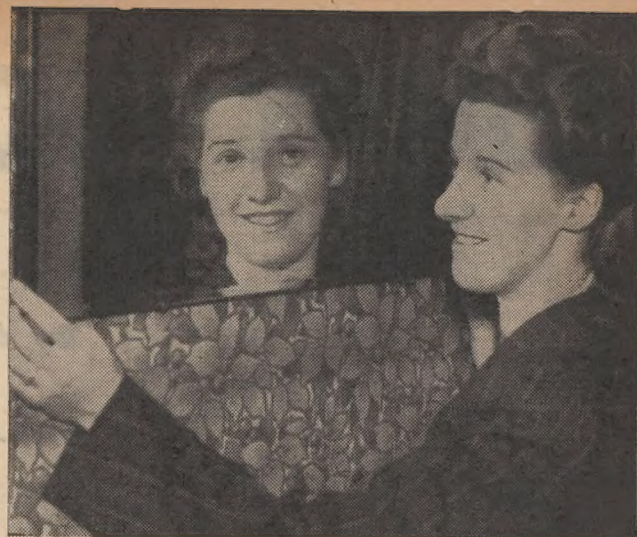
Men and women who once hoped too high, or schemers who deliberately planned with one eye on the limits of the law, are merely "matters" in the Bankruptcy Courts, but every dry-as-dust case conceals a fresh human drama.

What a theme for a novelist, for instance, in the magnificent courage of the woman who obtained her discharge after paying 20s. in the £.

Inheriting her father's business and finding herself unable to pay the debts, she had taken a job as a lady's companion.

For eight years she stinted herself, sometimes saving only a few shillings a week, sometimes setting aside as much as £2, but in the end the debts were met with 4 per cent. interest.

On the humorous side, a man applied for his discharge, saying that his income was only £30 a week, and he therefore



A TWO-WAY SMILE— L/S GEORGE JONES

WE called at 102 Leadenhall Street, Everton, Liverpool, just as your wife, Lillian, was putting the finishing touches to your new home. And it really is a lovely home, with a wife that is eager for you to see it.

The living - room, George, is now furnished in dark oak, with a couple of very inviting fireside chairs, and another wedding present—a tasteful china ornament had arrived earlier in the day from Jimmie.

Lillian's brothers, Harry and

Reggie, have been busy helping her with the laying of lino, the painting and papering of walls—in fact, all the jobs that you have been lucky enough to avoid!

Lillian asked us to let you know that she is now settled in and still busy on war work.

Anne called and had tea with her last Sunday, with Alec. Big Alec is still in hospital, but keeps on keeping on.

All your brothers are fit and well; also your Mother.

AND A CUP O' THE BEST!



Before we left we must have looked hungry, because your wife gave us a cup of tea and some cake she had just made—very good, too!

"All my love, dearest," was her message to you. And all's well at home, George.

With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. . . . It would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him. Bernard Shaw.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

DICK GORDON PRESENTS STAGE SCREEN STUDIO

She's The "Kemban" Girl

FIFTY years ago, in 1893, Lionel Barrymore made his stage debut in New York, in Sheridan's "The Rivals," with his grandmother, Mrs. Louisa Drew.

His fiftieth anniversary was recalled recently on a sound stage when John Craven, son of old friend Frank Craven, congratulated Lionel and asked him how it felt to look back on fifty years of stage and screen.

"I don't want to look back," said the veteran. "I'm looking forward as I start my next fifty years. I don't dream about the good old days, but look forward to the good new days to come."

"After the war, I don't want to tell about flying a Wright 'pusher' plane over Kitty Hawk, which I did in 1908. I want to fly one of the wonderful new jobs that will be ready then. I hope to write a piece of music that will be really worthwhile. And to-day I want to do all I can to help win the war. That comes ahead of everything. There are so many things I hope to do in the to-morrow when we have ended this war with Victory."

Barrymore looked at the youngsters and grinned. "Don't let them kid you about the Gay Nineties," he remarked. "They look swell in the movies, in song and story, but most of us didn't have any money, and actors used to have pretty tough sledding."

"Somebody ought to debunk the Gay Nineties legend. To-day's the time to be living, and



Carol Thurston

of a native siren named "Three Martini," in Cecil B. De Mille's latest Paramount picture, "The Story of Dr. Wassell." Her costume, declares the producer-director, is absolutely authentic. In fact, it's an antique and a work of art! De Mille bought it from a Pasadena gallery, which was featuring it in an exhibition.

Gary Cooper and Laraine Day have the leads in "The Story of Dr. Wassell," which is in Technicolor.

MENTIONED Cecil B. De Mille just then. Do you know what the "B." stands for? Neither do his close friends nor I.

After using the camera boom in nine out of ten of his productions, his predilection for this mobile piece of equipment has finally been set to music.

The other day, as he swung high on the neck of the big steel crane behind his Technicolor camera, Paul Kelly, Doodles Weaver, Eric Alden and a dozen "extras" suddenly burst into a serenade with—

"You've all heard of Cecil B., And it's still a mystery To the public, you and me, Wondering what the 'B.' could be."

Oh, Cecil B. De Mille, The 'B.'s' for BOOM De Mille, Tra-ra-ra BOOM De Mille, etc., etc.

When it was over, De Mille doffed his hat.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you make me feel like Juliet on the balcony. But I want to set you right on one point. The 'B.' in my name is not for 'boom,' although I invented the camera boom. It's really for 'bath-tub.'"

REMEMBER talking about Leni Lynn, the 19-year-old American-born pocket redhead who'd played small parts with Rooney and came to England with her husband.

For months I've been waiting to see what British producers would do with her. Now I can tell you. They've put her in a corny Cinderella story alongside that grand old scout Will Fyfe. The result is an unpretentious British picture called "Heaven Is Round The Corner."

Leni's voice, plus Will Fyfe's humour, will-wow tough Northern film fans, who make or break all British films. Already her producers are rushing through another picture for this team. Yes, this has been a vital break for little Leni, and it's done a lot of good for Mr. Fyfe.

DOROTHY LAMOUR will star in "Princess on the Warpath," a lavish Technicolor musical, according to an announcement by B. G. De Sylva, Paramount Executive Producer.

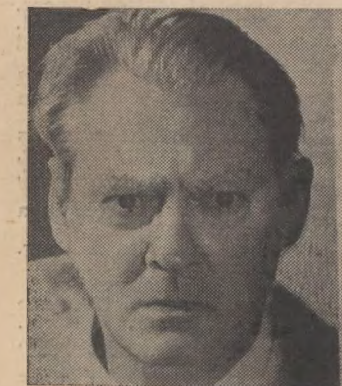
In the picture, which is a period subject, Dorothy will portray an Indian princess in Oklahoma at the time when oil was discovered there.

Lamour, whose performance in the soon-to-be-shown "Melody Inn" is said to be one of the best of her career, will shortly be seen in yet another Technicolor musical, "Rainbow Island," and she is now completing "Road to Utopia," with Crosby and Hope.

Hutton has hit the headlines again, too; for the fifth time, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken are to be teamed by Paramount. In the musical, "Out of This World," Betty is a famous singer of popular songs whose services are managed by a number of people.

The previous subjects in which these popular players were teamed were: "The Fleet's In," "Happy Go Lucky," "Star-Spangled Rhythm," and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

A Place We Don't Want to Visit—Carey Street



The Barrymore is
50 Now

don't forget it. And to-morrow will be even better.

"I'm not celebrating a fiftieth anniversary. I'm simply closing that chapter, mentally, and standing on the threshold of a new career, just as you, starting in pictures, are."

AND now comes the "kemban girl."

A kemban is one up on a sarong, and the young lady who introduces it to the screen is Carol Thurston, comely newcomer from Montana.

In Java, it seems, a sarong begins at the waist, and a kemban goes on just above it—very fetching, too, so it is said. Miss Thurston has the role

Under Torture . . .

IN this moment the noise in the square below was heard to roar with increasing fury. Tilly was parleying with the burghers.

"Well, well," said Cornelius, "you are a very skilful pilot, John; but I doubt whether you will as safely guide your brother out of the Buitenhof in the midst of this gale and through the raging surf of popular hatred, as you did the fleet of Van Tromp past the shoals of the Scheldt to Antwerp."

"With the help of God, Cornelius, we'll at least try," answered John; "but, first of all, a word with you."

"Speak!"

The shouts began anew.

"Hark, hark!" continued Cornelius, "how angry these people are. Is it against you or against me?"

"I should say it is against us both, Cornelius. I told you, my dear brother, that the Orange party, whilst assailing us with their absurd calumnies, have also made it a reproach against us that we have negotiated with France."

"What blockheads they are!"

"But, indeed, they reproach us with it."

"And yet, if these negotiations had been successful, they would have prevented the defeats of Rees, Orsay, Wesel and Rheirberg; the Rhine would not have been crossed, and Holland might still consider herself invincible in the midst of her marshes and canals."

"All this is quite true, my dear Cornelius, but still more certain it is that if in this moment our correspondence with the Marquis de Louvois were discovered, skilful pilot

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas

PART 5

as I am, I should not be able to save the frail barque which is to carry the brothers De Witte and their fortunes out of Holland. That correspondence, which might prove to honest people how dearly I love my country and what sacrifices I have offered to make for its liberty and glory, would be ruin to us if it fell into the hands of the Orange party. I hope you have burnt the letters before you left Dort to join me at the Hague."

"My dear brother," Cornelius answered, "your correspondence with M. de Louvois affords ample proof of your having been of late the greatest, most generous, and most able citizen of the Seven United Provinces. I dote on the glory of my country; and particularly do I dote on your glory, John—I have taken good care not to burn that correspondence."

"Then we are lost, as far as this life is concerned," quietly said the Grand Pensionary, approaching the window.

"No, on the contrary, John, we shall at the same time save our lives and regain our popularity."

"But what have you done with these letters?"

"I have entrusted them to the care of Cornelius Van Baerle, my godson, whom you know, and who lives at Dort."

"Poor, honest Van Baerle! who knows so much, and yet thinks of nothing but of flowers and of God Who made them. You have entrusted him with this fatal secret; it will be his ruin, poor soul!"

"His ruin?"

"Yes, for he will either be strong or he will be weak. If he is strong, he will, when he hears of what has happened to us, boast of our acquaintance; if he is weak, he will be afraid on account of his connection with us. If he is strong, he will betray the secret by his boldness; if he is weak, he will allow it to be forced from him. In either case he is lost, and so are we. Let us, therefore, fly, fly, as long as it is still time."

Cornelius De Witte, raising himself on his couch and grasping the hand of his brother, who shuddered at the touch of the linen bandages, replied:

"Do not I know my godson? Have not I been enabled to read every thought in Van Baerle's mind, and every sentiment in his heart? You ask whether he is strong or weak. He is neither the one nor the other; but that is not now the question. The principal point

is that he is sure not to divulge the secret, for the very good reason that he does not know it himself."

John turned round in surprise.

"You must know, my dear

"Consider well before having those precious documents burnt, John!"

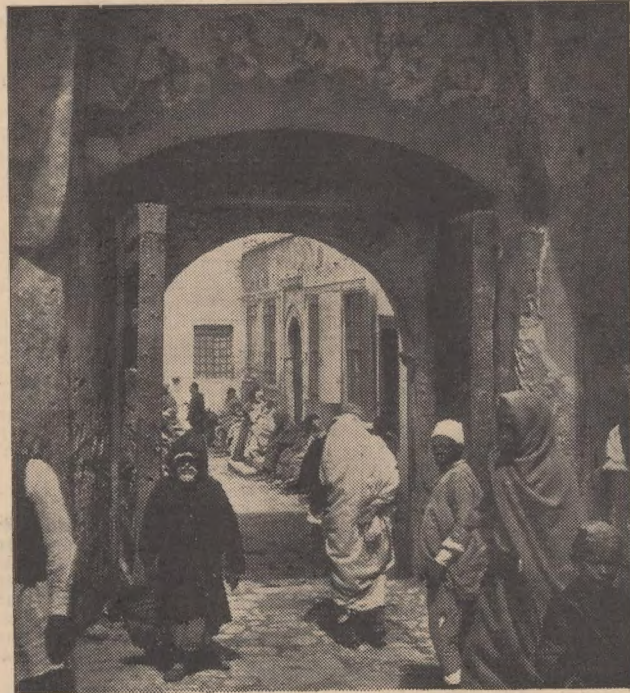
"I consider, above all things, that the brothers De Witte must necessarily save their lives, to be able to save their character. If we are dead, who will defend us? Who will have fully understood our intentions?"

"You expect, then, that they would kill us if those papers were found?"

John, without answering, pointed with his hand to the square, from whence, in that very moment, fierce shouts and savage yells made themselves heard.

"Yes, yes," said Cornelius,

With Our Roving Cameraman



GATEWAY OF TRIPOLI.

They call it the Bab-el-Bahr. They also call it the Marine Gate. It was built, the ponderous doorway (and the ponderous wall above), centuries ago. At night it is closed, and those who are outside can't get in, and those who are inside can't get out. The people who built it are dead long ago. They were the pirates who roamed the Mediterranean and came back to Tripoli with the spoils. Marine Gate needed to be closed then.

brother, that I have been trained in the school of that distinguished politician John De Witte; and I repeat to you that Van Baerle is not aware of the nature and importance of the deposit which I have entrusted to him."

"Quick, then," cried John, "as it is still time, let us convey to him directions to burn the parcel."

"Through whom?"

"Through my servant, Craeke, who was to have accompanied us on horseback, and who has entered the prison with me, to assist you downstairs."

"I hear these shouts very plainly, but what is their meaning?"

John opened the window.

"Death to the traitors!" howled the populace.

"Do you hear now, Cornelius?"

"To the traitors! That means us!" said the prisoner, raising his eyes to heaven and shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, it means us," repeated John.

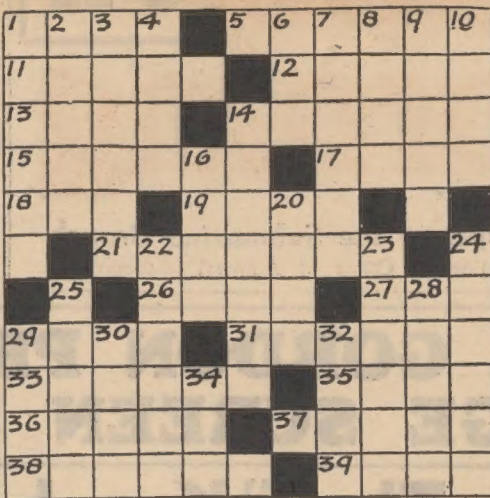
"Where is Craeke?"

"At the door of your cell, I suppose."

"Let him enter, then."

John opened the door; the

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Show surprise.
- 5 Bit.
- 11 Away.
- 12 Girl's name.
- 13 Distance.
- 14 Suited.
- 15 Insect.
- 17 Unfold.
- 18 Lodging place.
- 19 Too.
- 21 Line-touching curve.
- 26 Hide.
- 27 Bird.
- 29 Small bundle.
- 31 Beau.
- 33 Doing something.
- 35 Boat.
- 36 Ordinal.
- 37 Stage show.
- 38 Deep dish.
- 39 Nasty look.

RABBITS

NODE FOPS
GOODLY NICK
ART LAP RUE
MA POPULATE
B RAW NIL P
OPULENCE HE
GAG DOT BUR
EDGE DUTIES
SEAM ROAD
DRIVERS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Chess opening.
- 2 Stranger.
- 3 Channel strait.
- 4 Keats.
- 6 Unity.
- 7 Bushy-tailed animal.
- 8 Cleaning substance.
- 9 Insect.
- 10 Legal claim.
- 14 European.
- 16 Long and limp.
- 20 Despatch.
- 22 Earnestly desire.
- 23 Holding.
- 24 Collect.
- 25 Triangular shawl.
- 28 Out small.
- 29 Electrical unit.
- 30 Move.
- 32 Precious stone.
- 34 Poem.

faithful servant was waiting on the threshold.

"Come in, Craeke, and mind well what my brother will tell you."

"No, John; it will not suffice to send a verbal message; unfortunately, I shall be obliged to write."

"And why that?"

"Because Van Baerle will neither give up the parcel, nor burn it, without a special command to do so."

"But will you be able to write, poor old fellow?" John asked, with a look on the scorched and bruised hands of the unfortunate sufferer.

"If I had pen and ink you would soon see," said Cornelius.

"Here is a pencil, at any rate."

"Farewell, and love me, DE WITTE."

"August 20th, 1672."

John, with tears in his eyes, wiped off a drop of the noble blood which had soiled the leaf, and after having handed the despatch to Craeke with a last direction, returned to Cornelius, who seemed overcome by intense pain and near fainting.

"Now," said he, "when honest Craeke sounds his old coxswain's whistle, it will be a signal of his being clear of the crowd and of his having reached the other side of the pond. And then it will be our turn to depart."

Five minutes had not elapsed before a long and shrill whistle was heard through the din and noise of the square of the Buitenhof.

John gratefully raised his eyes to heaven.

"And now," said he, "let us be off, Cornelius."

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Darn that ruddy whaler again!"

"Have you any paper?—for they have left me nothing."

"Here, take this Bible, and tear out the flyleaf."

"Very well, that will do."

"But your writing will be illegible."

"Just leave me alone for that," said Cornelius. "The executioners have indeed pinched me badly enough, but my hand will not tremble once in tracing the few lines which are requisite."

And, really, Cornelius took the pencil and began to write, when through the white linen bandages drops of blood oozed out, which the pressure of the fingers against the pencil squeezed from the raw flesh.

A cold sweat stood on the brow of the Grand Pensionary.

Cornelius wrote:—

"My dear Godson, "Burn the parcel which I have entrusted to you. Burn it without looking at it and without opening it, so that its contents may for ever remain unknown to yourself. Secrets of this description are death to those with whom they are deposited. Burn it, and you will have saved John and Cornelius De Witte."

QUIZ for today

1. A ramekin is a measure of rum, dish of toasted cheese, Irish fairy, Scottish shawl, young trout, three-year-old sheep?

2. Who wrote (a) The Red House Mystery, (b) Green Mansions?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Heifer, Tup, Tupelo, Ram, Harrier, Beagle, Boar, Swine?

4. How many are there in a lacrosse team?

5. Who was sent to find Dr. Livingstone?

6. What is Yorkshire Fog?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Tirbary, Turbot, Turbulint, Truffle, Turban, Tussock, Tusstle?

8. How many teeth are there in a sheep's top jaw?

9. What is the common name for an ichneumon?

10. What was the name of the girl who was courted on Ilkla Moor?

11. Who was drowned in a butt of wine?

12. Name two cakes called after places abroad.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 340

1. Piece of meat.
2. (a) A. A. Milne, (b) Gordon Stables.
3. Chalk is white; others are black.
4. Six.
5. George Washington.
6. No.
7. Forceps, Fricassee.
8. Iceland.
9. 13 tons.
10. Right.
11. Dr. Foster.
12. Bluebell, broom, buttercup, etc.

WANGLING WORDS—289

1. Put affection in PR and get the bird.
2. In the following proverb both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it?—Fo to het het vole yomen toro lai jevi si.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change CASH into NOTE and then back again into CASH, without using the same word twice.
4. What garment is hidden in this sentence?—Never stop in a forest during a thunderstorm. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

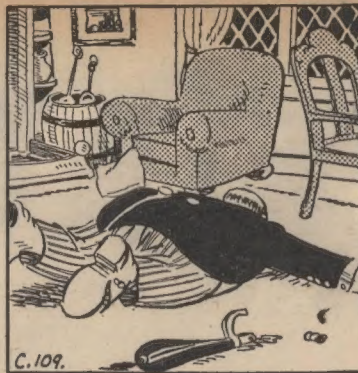
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 288

1. PlumpER.
2. The early bird catches the worm.
3. SHOT, slot, blot, boot, bolt, holt, hilt, silt, SILK, milk, mild, gild, gold, good, hood, hoot, soot, SHOT.
4. Pun-ch.

JANE



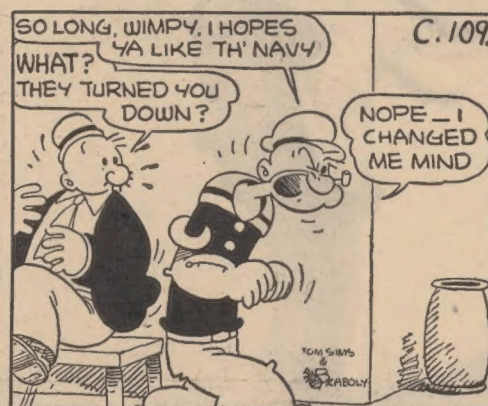
BEELZEBUB JONES



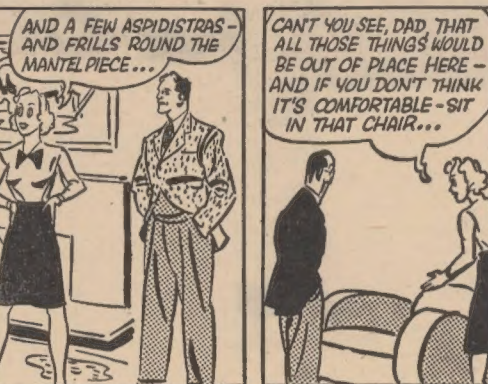
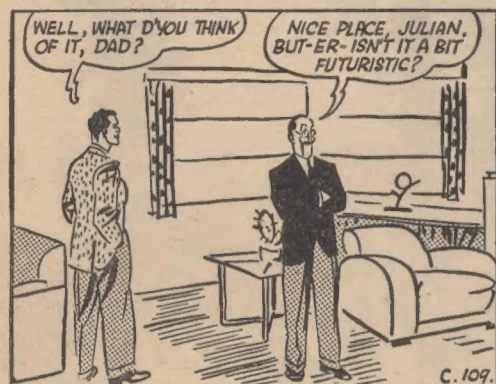
BELINDA



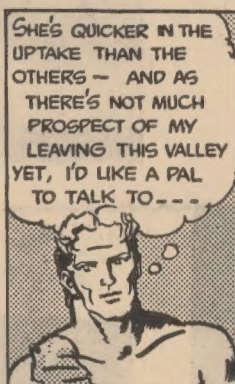
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



War Wealth in Seaweed

FOUR young Cambridge scientists cruising off the English coast in a 30ft. motor cruiser have just completed one of the strangest jobs of the war—an official seaweed hunt.

They have made a vital survey for the Government of all the types and quantities of seaweed to be found around our coast.

They've been cross-questioning coastguards, fishermen and harbour officials on the quantity of seaweed cast ashore in heavy storms. They know the seaweed crop from Land's End to John o' Groats—and they've not overlooked Northern Ireland and the outlying islands.

For the war has found new uses for the stuff that once merely used to give landlubbers a smell to their seaside holiday.

Thousands of tons are being salvaged to-day, and new-built extracting plants squeeze out a host of valuable salts and chemicals—some used in high explosives—which formerly had to be imported.

The waste products, still rich in potash and other fertilising elements, are being spread over Britain's fields. We're becoming self-sufficient in iodine, too, thanks to seaweed.

Maybe, soon, we'll even be eating the stuff. In lieu of chewing tobacco, folk used to bite down on dulse, and now carrageen—another seaweed type—is on sale in gelatine form in the shops. Very nice in soup, Irish stew, blanc-mange—and even pastry!

You'll find just as many plants at sea as you will ashore, but we're beginning to see now that perhaps we've been a little too hasty in stigmatising them as weeds.

Scientists, waking up to the chewing content of dulse, have recently pronounced it a good cattle food. Sheep in the Western Hebrides didn't need the announcement, for they always stray down to the shore and gobble dulse whenever they can.

Then there's agar, once produced as a seaweed jelly, of which Japan had a monopoly. Its a gelatine substitute for tinning meat, but it also plays a part in bacteriological research, and is even saving life.

Scientists engaged in tracking down the germs which cause pneumonia cultivate them in agar jelly. When war broke out with Japan, shortage caused the price of agar to zoom from 3s. to 30s. per lb.

Such problems have world-wide repercussions. In New Zealand the back-room boys of the Industrial Research Department began experimenting with a rich red fernlike seaweed growing in the moderately warm water around N.Z.

They knew nothing of Japanese secret processes in producing Agar. All they knew was that seaweed was carted from the beaches to the mountains—and agar came back.

Can you tie up the two clues? The research men tried refrigeration methods in the cold mountain air... with success. The secret was passed on to Britain. And 500lb. of agar recently left this country in a medical consignment to Russia.



To-day seaweed is used as a substitute for horn, shell, whalebone and leather. You can sleep on a mattress with seaweed stuffing; sit down to a seaweed breakfast in a house in which building board made from compressed seaweed may be prominent.

There are seaweed block fuels on the market, as well as a size used by painters and calico printers.

If you've wondered how it is there's so much cellophane around, seaweed substitute is the answer.

The chemist who told me about the product said, however, that seaweed is no mere substitute. The tough, transparent seaweed wrapping material goes one better.

It is soluble in water. A sheet dropped in a puddle just melts away. Bus tickets could be made of it, the chemist suggests, and the first rainstorm would clean up the litter problem.

Seashore families now filling their flax kits with seaweed have taken up a profitable occupation.

After the weed has been washed in fresh water and dried it is worth 1s. a pound. That price may increase as the result of the coast survey—and the potential new uses for seaweed—mapped out by the four marine biologists from Cambridge.

**Good
Morning**



Come along there! Pair up, will you! What's wrong with the haughty guy on the left?



★ ★ ★



"It came to pieces all in me hand like"

What couldn't a guy do if he had that kind of skates!

★ ★ ★



"Nor me, neither. I haven't missed a final in years"

This England

In the sweet calm of the Chess Valley, Bucks



"No, they never get me to pay to watch the Cup Final"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"They pay ME, I play in it."

